Volume LXII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 12, 1908 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE CITY OF THE LIGHT.

Have you heard the golden city
  Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
  Wondrous tales of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
  Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
  Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
  All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
  All our lives are building-stones.
But a few brief years we labor,
  Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
  And our place knows us no more.

But the work which we have builded,
  Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
  Will not perish with the years.
It will last, and shine transfigured
  In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
  Of the City of the Light.

—*Felix Adler.*

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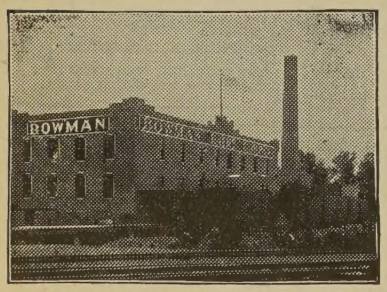

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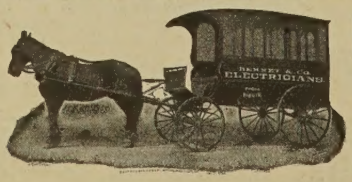

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY NOVEMBER 12, 1908 NUMBER 11

It is only the sincerity of human feeling that abides. As for a thought, we know not, it may be deceptive; but the love, wherewith we have loved it, will surely return to our soul; nor can a single drop of its clearness or strength be abstracted by error. Of that perfect ideal that each of us strives to build up in himself, the sum total of all our thoughts will help only to model the outline; but the elements that go to construct it, and keep it alive, are the purified passion, unselfishness, loyalty, wherein these thoughts have had their being. —*Maeterlinck.*

The day of the church fair and the bazaar is upon us; an evil day of foolish financiering, a waste of woman's time and energy and a pitiable loss of dignity and moral potency for the church and the clergy that indulge therein. But there are fairs and fairs, some better and some worse, and of course the best fairs are those which are least fairlike. They are most to be encouraged which are nearest extinction.

Next week's issue of UNITY, November 20th, will be given to our annual review of the book market. What book or books during the year have most interested you? What is the book, or books, of the year in your special line? We invite postal card answers to this question, but the answers must come promptly; they should be on the editorial desk no later than Monday afternoon, November the 16th. Send them along.

Certainly Andrew Carnegie is a splendid illustration of human virility. Nobody can accuse wealth in this case of causing intellectual stagnation or of diverting the mind from civic problems and ethical studies. A new book is announced from his pen, entitled "Problems of Today; Wealth—Labor—Socialism." For many reasons it will be a book to read. The canny Scotchman will have something to say concerning tobacco, liquor, gambling, dead men's estates, rebates and war.

Bryan may be President after all, if newspaper gossip is to be trusted, i. e., President of the University of Nebraska, a position soon to be vacated by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews. Why not? Mr. Bryan has the magnetic personality to impress young men and women, he has high ideals, and on the campus at least these ought to be welcome. Now if Harvard University would give Roosevelt a job, the perplexing problem of the United States, "what to do with them," would be happily solved.

UNITY extends its congratulations to the friends and neighbors of Unity Church, Oak Park, over the completion of their new house of worship, for which they have worked and waited a long time. The formal dedication is to come later, perhaps when the new organ is installed, but the real dedication took place, as it ought, when Dr. Johonnot, the pastor, spoke the first word from the new pulpit, in which he made the history, faith and aims of the church interpret the text:—"He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captives, recover sight to the blind, give liberty to them that are oppressed, and preach the acceptable year of the Lord." The auditorium is pronounced a fitting place for thought and worship, a beautiful place in which to listen as well as to speak.

President Benjamin I. Wheeler, of the California University, gave some vigorous interpretations of Christianity at the Orchestra Hall meeting in Chicago last Sunday. Christianity, he said, was "To live so that the state and community should be a little better for your having lived." He said "Nobody is going to be saved by the Christianity of nineteen centuries ago. It is the Christianity here and now, in human hearts, that saves. The founder of Christianity had no idea of ritual. Christianity is certainly not in a book. There is no salvation in theology." He saw the end of sects. Just as fast as they have accomplished their peculiar tasks, they are to pass away and hand over their results to the Church Universal. Come again, Dr. Wheeler. That is wholesome kind of preaching. It is needed in Chicago as elsewhere.

Mr. Edwin Ginn, the Boston peace publisher, sends the following communication to a recent number of the *Boston Transcript*. It emphasizes a point which needs to be emphasized. It would be a mischievous thing if people indulged the notion that battleships were what the Japanese were welcoming; they were welcoming Americans. They did it in a way which warrants the *Independent* in saying: "There is no nobler object known in history than this story of how Japan, by returning good for evil, gained a moral victory over us greater even than her physical victory over Russia. Hobson, Beveridge and Lodge should hang their heads in shame." Mr. Ginn's word follows:

Japan has spoken and the word has gone around the world. Her answer should emphatically silence all the Hobsons on both sides of the Pacific. They have all failed to pick a quarrel

with Japan, and all such men of every nationality should henceforth be frowned upon by every lover of peace. Hereafter their words must have little weight, for not in all history has there been a more emphatic demonstration of the friendship of one nation for another than Japan has now given us. It is worth the sending of our ships to the Pacific, if that was necessary to invite or insure the demonstration; but I am wondering if it would have made any difference whatever whether one or one hundred battleships went. It was not that our national greeting was borne by battleships. It was not fear that brought forth this demonstration from Japan. This outburst of feeling could come only from a nation that loved peace better than war, that loved America, and was not seeking opportunity to pick a quarrel. If there is any trouble between Japan and America, without doubt it will be largely our fault. Her people are peace loving and her friendship for America dates back a century. It is the most cruel thing on the face of the earth to disturb this kindly feeling by innuendoes such as have been going the rounds of our newspapers and our cheap politicians for the last year. It is not, I repeat, big battleships that have produced this profound impression, that have called forth this strong demonstration towards our people. Had we been present without cannon, our representatives would have received the same kind of reception. We are all wrong in thinking that force inspires love in one people for another. It might inspire a fear that will compel each nation to arm to the teeth, but the peace that rests on such a foundation is a tremendous burden to this world, and in an emergency is good for nothing.

I hope the election this fall will result in sending strong peace men to our Congress, men who think well of their fellows and are not afraid of them. No nation on the face of the earth really wishes war. It is not for the interests of any nation to have war. A few selfish and reckless men make all the trouble. Let us have a more wholesome respect and confidence, one nation for the other, and end this paralyzing distrust. Distrust is the basis of these great armaments. A proper regard for each other, and that alone, will reduce these burdens.

The distressed cry of Mrs. Howard Gould that $70,000 a year is necessary for her to live comfortably and run her home respectably is likely to do good. The *Chicago Tribune* has been studying Mrs. Gould's estimate. It found that Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, who keeps up an establishment and dresses on what Chicago considers elegant lines, thought $30,000 enough. Mrs. J. Ogden Armour thought $70,000 "a bit steep." Mrs. MacVeagh went into the matter somewhat in detail. She confessed she kept no expense account either in her dress or in the expense of her home. She also confessed that they had never yet gone into the automobile expenses. Much is said in these days about publicity. None too much. Nothing is more informing than facts in private as in public life. To face real figures is very conducive to wholesomeness. Perhaps nothing would contribute more to the sanity and sobriety of individuals and society than an honest exposition of actual expenses incurred by the well to do and the wealthy. The cost of living of the working man has been reduced to laboratory exactness. The sociologists and economists make academic use of the same in trying to solve the problems of capital and labor. By the same token why should not we know how much the representatives of capital expend upon themselves? Such facts must ultimately come, must enter into the solution of economic and sociological problems. Ruskin maintained that the wealthy should carry a glass pocketbook," both for their own and for the public good. Transparency is nowhere more desirable than in the private expense account. How many women frankly face and would be willing to give publicity to the annual footings of her wardrobe? what is the hat bill for the year? how much was expended for evening dresses? Let the man put his automobile expenses over against his investments in the intangible goods of church and school and state. If the lady and the gentleman who live on the boulevard resent the inquisitiveness by saying "it is nobody's business," it may be well for them to remember that they have made it very much their business, not only to pry into but to control the expenses of the poor. They have diligently tried to fix the "living wage" and to establish the price of labor thereby. It is very much society's business to know what is being done with the products of labor, for soon or late every dollar spent on the boulevard as upon the alley bears the mark of human sweat, and the affairs of the toilers, the makers of money, are inseparably connected with the affairs of the spenders of money.

Another Hero Gone

Had he lived until the 21st of December, Charles H. Williams, of Baraboo, the good Quaker whom everybody knew as Major Williams, a title which he had worthily won on many a strenuous battlefield, would have reached his ninetieth year. But it was still a Quaker that led the twenty-third regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers in the charge at Vicksburg, and the Major of it enlisted for life. To his dying day, with pen and voice and money he continued to fight for the freedom of the black man and his rights under the flag.

Major Williams was born of Welsh Quaker parentage in Cincinnati. His father was a prominent business man, a friend and neighbor of the Tafts. Young Charles began life as a civil engineer; the family moved into Wisconsin in territorial days. In 1853 Mr. Williams became a farmer. After the war he was a prominent breeder of blooded stock and regent of the State University. He did much to help the agricultural side of that university, but all the time he was interested in the great humanitarian issues of the day. He was a friend of Ichabod Codding; was interested in the Free Congregational Society of Baraboo through all its active years and was a guardian to the cause till his death. His interest in UNITY and the cause it represents was perpetual. His contributions to its columns were frequent.

Always apparently a frail man and an invalid for many years, he was literally a battered veteran. Work and war had battered him on their wheels in many ways, but still the shrinking, bashful, retiring, gentleman continued to read and think and write to the end. He kept his mind clear and his heart warm; he literally lived for the oppressed. In his death, the colored man has lost a tireless advocate, a champion whose printed word went far and near.

Major Williams ran a little press bureau of his own, sending the little reprints, most of them set up in the

type of the local paper, far and near. He was a poor public speaker and dreaded the platform, but he was a diligent servant of the public and a leader of far more power than his own modest estimate would indicate.

The present writer enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Major Williams through forty years of strenuous life to both, and in all these years he has never faltered, but marched ever forward. It is through such men as these that the careless world is being redeemed and the banner of progress being steadily and surely carried forward.

Socialism: What is it Anyhow?

Dr. Gunsaulus last Sunday said something which the newspapers were glad to report, but we suspect they did not report the best part of the discourse, for Dr. Gunsaulus is master of epigram and antithesis, and such a man is apt to correct his own rhetoric if you hear him plumb through.

According to the newspapers, Dr. Gunsaulus took a plunge at socialism; he called it one of the worst evils that threaten the world just now and thinks that the United States is particularly menaced. In order to justify this position he set socialism over against individualism, insisting on a sharp and definite contrast. The only objection to that contrast is, as probably the preacher recognized before he got through, that it was a definition that would not be acceptable either to the socialist or to the individualist. The fact is that the great teachers who are supposed to represent these extremes are constantly passing over out of one camp into the other. Maurice and Kingsley, Ruskin and their followers, did not in theory or in practice ignore the individual or destroy his individuality. While on the other hand, Tolstoy and Emerson, Carlyle and Henry George, prophets of individualism, we suppose, are often found giving comfort and inspiration in the camp of the enemy, if a battle line is enforced. We like better the attitude of mind represented in the editorial in the *Literary Digest* for November 7th, entitled "The Minister's Relation to Socialism," which recognizes the inevitable growth of Christianity in the direction of communal life and is finding more and more the teachings of Jesus rooted in social well being and social welfare. That the word "Socialism" covers much selfishness goes without saying; so has individualism often run to seed. Christianity itself is a term that it is scarcely safe to use without definition and modification, for it has furnished a great amount of dogmatism, pride, ostracism, and all the bad things which are in the world masking behind good names.

The deeper notes of the message of the Sunday pulpit at the Auditorium is a message of human cooperation, of some kind of togetherness. And this doctrine of brotherhood has a rightful place in the inspirations and the altruistic warnings of the present time, which oftentimes claims the word "Socialism," and claims it with as much right as the element of selfishness that sometimes masks behind the name.

But this is only one more illustration of how dangerous it is to bandy about names; how inevitably labels become libels in these days when the thinking and the experience of the world minimize the differences and expose the fallacies of factions and creeds, whether the creeds be sociological or theological. Dogmatism in the one realm is as pernicious as in the other. Any profound conviction and sincere quest, even though it be narrow or low, cannot menace this nation as much as complacency and conceit. The call for change is not so dangerous as the stupid contentment with the *statu quo*. Stimulants are bad but not so bad as opiates. The physician has more concern for the sub-normal temperature than for the fever of his patient. Socialism is a thing to be discussed, but discussion cannot begin until it ceases to be used as a bugaboo word. Let us not be scared at ghosts or waste our ammunition on scarecrows, creatures of our own stuffing.

Correspondence

UNITY:

Is it not a pity for a religious journal to join in these gibes and sneers at the church? I have never seen or known a church that would not cordially welcome the poor man. Should we join in these lies that serve to justify the irreligious man in his irreligion? Shall we glorify "The Servant in the House," a wretchedly inartistic, Pharisaic caricature of religion? I am getting more sick of this species of cant than of the old evangelical type. THEO. G. SOARES.

University of Chicago, November 7, 1908.

The matter complained of by our correspondent is the lines taken from the newly published outline poems by Sidney Lanier, which formed the frontispiece of UNITY last week. We confess that we gave it that conspicuous place more on account of its literary than its ethical significance. It is pathetic, at the same time inspiring, to come upon these poor fragments, the unpolished blocks left unutilized in a poet's portfolio when death put an end to the high industry of mind.

But in saying this we do not mean to avoid responsibility for the sentiment. We see here simply a passing hint of the insight, courage and power which were full orbed in Lanier's Symphony. We read the present practice and atmosphere of the church as quite different from that of Professor Soares. While, of course, every church will "cordially welcome the poor man," so far as the external courtesies are concerned, or even the conscious spirit, but the unconscious attitude and the practical atmosphere of many, if not most of the favored churches on our boulevards and avenues, are such as to make the poorly dressed, the battered in spirit, the dwellers on the alleys and the side streets, feel very much out of place. The man in rags is ill-placed in the pews where the occupants are "dressed like kings and lords." The preacher from the pulpit may say "Welcome," but the sexton at the door says in a manner that needs no words, "No ragged allowed."

Unfortunately, this is not a matter of theory; the indisputable fact remains that, rightly or wrongly, the laboring man and woman, even though they be of de-

vout spirit and contrite heart, humble and consistent followers of the Nazarene, are not eligible to the privileges of the best music, the best preaching and the presumably best society in our city of churches, however much their spiritual and intellectual qualifications may fit them for these, and they are forced to find their religious privileges and ethical fellowships in the dingier and dirtier settings of the mission chapels and the Salvation Army barracks "behind the yards" and "beyond the tracks." This may be inevitable, but the fact remains that the lines ignored or demolished by the Nazarene are restored or at least accepted by many who call him "Master." Mr. Lanier, in the fragment which our neighbor objects to, simply reported facts when he spoke of the "creed tablets and bonnet-flowers hiding him whom the soul sought in the house dedicated to his name."

As to the vehement indignation of the Professor with "The Servant in the House," we can simply say that his adjectives will be a surprise to and will be resented by the overwhelming majority of those who came under its spell. It was not the privilege of the writer to witness the drama, but he has read the text and rejoices in its power. If a parable is to be resented and an overstatement for effect to be unqualifiedly condemned, then the great offender is the Master parable-maker of the New Testament; for he talked of "whited sepulchers" and "ravening wolves"; he scourged the money changers and called those who doubtless were regarded as very respectable citizens and dignified church officials, hypocrites and liars. If "The Servant in the House" is to be condemned on these lines, there is much in the New Testament that is in bad taste if not bad morals.—EDITOR.

Bibles in Strange Tongues

Today the Bible exists in five hundred languages, says a writer in the New York *Sun* (October 11). At the beginning of the last century it existed only in fifty different tongues at the most. "It went into more languages during the nineteenth century than in the eighteen previous centuries." In some cases the Bible is the means of creating the first written form of a language, and in others the only method of preserving them. The following presents some instances:

"A few weeks ago an item appeared in the papers to the effect that the American Bible Society had completed the publication of the Bible in Chamorro, the chief language of the island of Guam. Thus the natives got their first printed book, their first alphabet, a written language, and a literature all in one.

"All over the world men are doing the same thing. Scores of the world's languages have been supplied with an alphabet and a written form by the translators of the Bible.

"Last year, for instance, the society printed a Bible for Pleasant Island. Few persons would know where to find Pleasant Island on the map. It is a mere dot in the Pacific, 300 miles south of the Caroline Islands, with a population of 1,500; the sort of island one reads about in shipwreck stories.

"For ten years one lone missionary and his wife have been living there. He learned the language by ear and then set it on paper phonetically. Then he translated the New Testament into it. Then he begged and entreated the Bible Society to publish his Bible. The society replied: 'We can't afford to publish the Bible in a language spoken by only 1,500 people.'

"Then the tribe pledged itself to pay for the work if it could have time. So the society sent the missionary a printing-press, and he and his native helpers set up and printed the work. Then he sent it to San Francisco, the society paid for binding it, and one more little South-Sea island has a written language and literature.

"Philologists of the future will study extinct languages by means of these Bibles. Already it is said that Mme. Matteo de Turner's version of the Gospels in Quichuea is the only key to the language of the Incas."

Americans, it is said, have translated the Bible or portions of it into thirty European tongues, forty-three Asiatic, eleven African, nine Oceanic, and twelve American. We read concerning Bibles in the various Indian tongues:

"In many cases the Bible is all that will preserve native American languages from extinction. Only last year the society published the four Gospels in the Winnebago tongue. There are only 2,000 Winnebagos left. Their children are all learning to read English. In another generation the tribe will be extinct or assimilated. But some one offered to pay for the work for the sake of a few old Indians who would never learn to read English.

"Two copies of the Gospels in the Seneca language were sold within the past year, 1 in Arapahoe, 4 in Dakota, 14 in Muskogee, 25 in Ojibway, 146 in Cherokee, and 242 in Choctaw.

"Down in Oklahoma the rich Indians, the Cherokees and Choctaws, take a racial pride in preserving their language from oblivion through the use of it in their church life. Although most of the adults read English now, they prefer to use the Bibles in their tribal tongues, and only a few weeks ago a letter reached the Bible house asking if a new edition of the Cherokee hymn-book could not be got out uniform with the Bible.

"A notable instance of this tribal pride came within the past year in an order to print the Creek Bible, the expenses to be paid by the Creek Indians of Oklahoma and some of their white neighbors. Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, a Congregational missionary, made a version of the Scriptures in the Creek or Muskogee language the labor of many years. The order came to publish it after her death.

"The board wrote, 'Why do you go to such an expense as this when your children all read English? It is foolish.' The reply came back, 'We want it as a monument to Mrs. Robertson and the Creek language.' . . .

"Often the translator has had to create words as well as alphabets. How shall the dweller in some low-lying atoll know the word *mountain?* How write 'Lamb of God' for Eskimo, who know no lambs? 'Little seal,' the translator had to put it at last.

"'Bad to eat' was as near as the translator into Mosquito could get to sin. 'Nice smell' had to serve as native Australian for *frankincense.* In Uganda the translator had to wait five years before he could catch a word that meant *plague.* Then one day he heard a man bewailing the influx of rats, such a 'dibebu' they were. Out came the notebook, down went the long-sought word.

"How translate the Gospel into a language that has no words for *city, marriage, wheat, barley;* in which, *pig, rat,* and *dog* exhaust the zoological terms; in which the word for five is 'my hand,' for six 'my hand and one,' and so on?"—*Literary Digest, October 24, 1908.*

THE PULPIT

The Old Testament Apocryphal Books *

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

I.

The Bible of Roman Catholics contains fourteen more books than the Bible generally in use among English-speaking Protestants. These extra books are known as the Old Testament Apocrypha. Formerly many editions of our Authorized or King James Bible contained them, usually inserted between the Old Testament and the New, and printed in smaller type than the rest of the volume. Not a few of the large family Bibles possessed by our grandfathers were of this kind.

What are these Apocryphal books, which thus hang on the edge of the Scriptures, which seem to be not quite proper Bible, and yet which the Christian world has always hesitated to declare to be not Bible?

The word Apocrypha means "hidden things." Probably its earliest use was in connection with religious books which were supposed to contain hidden mysteries. Later it was applied to books whose origin was hidden or unknown. From this it came in time to be degraded and given the bad meaning of *spurious*. This is unfortunate, for it tends to create a prejudice against the whole body of ancient literature known as Apocryphal, when as a fact some of that literature is of a high type and quite worthy the attention of all thoughtful minds.

Without the Old Testament Apocryphal books there would be a wide historic gap or blank between the Old and New Testaments, which we could not bridge or fill.

The old idea has been that Malachi, the prophecy which stands last in the Old Testament (whose date is about 420 B. C.) was the latest written book of that Testament. If this were really the case, and if we possessed none of the writings called Apocryphal, there would be an interval or gap of more than four and a half centuries—"silent centuries" they have been called—between the close of one Testament and the beginning of the other. As a fact, thanks to the biblical studies of the past fifty years! we now know that Malachi was by no means the latest Old Testament writer. For more than 250 years after Malachi's day the production of Old Testament literature continued, giving us the book of Joel, the books of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers (in their present completed form), the Song of Solomon, Nehemiah in part, I and II Chronicles, Ecclesiastes, Esther, Daniel, and the books of Proverbs and Psalms as finally compiled. Daniel almost certainly dates as late as 165 B. C.; while the psalter probably was not closed earlier than 150 B. C. Thus we find that much of the Old Testament was written later than Malachi, and that the gap of "silent centuries" is really reduced more than one-half by the Old Testament literature itself, when we come to understand the true time of origin of that literature. Nor is this all. As soon as the door of the Old Testament closes, that of the Apocryphal literature opens; indeed, this opens even before the other is shut; and through it there comes a long succession of other writings appearing at uncertain intervals right on down to New Testament times. By means of knowledge gained from these the supposed gap or blank is entirely removed; and it is probably quite within the truth to say that there are no centuries of Jewish history about which we know more than those which immediately precede the birth of Christianity.

It has been supposed that this "period between the Testaments" was one of slight historic importance, a stagnant time, when little or nothing of moment was transpiring in the world, or at least in Palestine. But nothing could be farther from the truth. The period was one of the great ages of the world. Hardly any in history has witnessed more important events. In the career of the Jewish people it was a crisis time. As has been truly said, during this period "the empire of the world was changed from East to West, and the whole face of Jewish society was revolutionized. How marvelously different from the Persian ascendancy which pervades the latest pages of the Old Testament is the scene presented when we open the first pages of the New Testament. By some means nothing less than a universal transformation has ensued. Judea is a province of an empire of which Daniel did not so much as dream. Palestine is studded throughout with Greek cities bearing Greek names. The Greek language has come into widespread use on every hand. Instead of the age-long tendency of the Jews to idolatry, monotheism has become the passionate faith of all Jewry. There is a universal belief among them that the Messiah will come, and the most religious part of the nation is firmly convinced of a continuance of human life beyond the grave. Jewish traders are settled in all the important cities of the Roman world around the Mediterranean Sea, and in such numbers that there are as many Jews outside as inside the limits of the Holy Land. In every Jewish city there is a synagogue, an institution of which the Old Testament is ignorant, an institution which is the center of the social and religious life of the people, having become more important than the temple itself. Pharisees and Sadducees, Essenes and Herodians move on the narrow stage of Judaism; and of the origin of these sects we glean no hint in the pages of the Old Testament. How did all this come to be? Is there no light to be thrown on the screen of history by which students may be enabled to answer the questions which are naturally aroused by these changes?

The truth is that but for the Apocrypha these centuries would remain for us almost a blank; but in these neglected books we have pictures of the inner life of the Jews during this transitional period. Some of these books originated under the Persian ascendency and portray life in exile; some of them were produced in Palestine and give the life and thought of the home-country; some were written in Egypt and show the influence of Greek thought upon Jewish minds there." Thus in the Apocryphal writings we hear the voice not alone of the Judaism of Palestine but perhaps even more still of that wider Judaism which was penetrating all the countries round about, through the Jews of the "Dispersion."

These Jews outside of Palestine for the most part clung tenaciously to their own faith, kept in sympathetic relations with the home-land, and as often as possible revisited it. As time went on their influence came to be strong upon Palestinian Judaism itself. That influence was for breadth, for an ever widening liberality of spirit, for greater sympathy toward the religious ideas of other peoples. To some extent the Apocryphal books were the product of these non-Palestinian Jews, and to a very large degree they reflect their spirit and views.

All these influences were silently preparing the way

* A New Chapter from the Revised and Much Enlarged Edition of Mr. Sunderland's book, "The Origin and Character of the Bible," which will soon be published by the American Unitarian Association.

for the rise of a religious movement in Palestine like that inaugurated by Jesus and Paul—a movement which, when it came, would have for its object the breaking down of the walls between Jew and Gentile, and the establishment of a universal faith founded upon those ethical and spiritual elements which know no bounds of nation or race.

Thus we discover that the Christian movement when it arose was not a strange or unaccountable or unrelated thing. It was simply Judaism carried forward to another stage of its development,—a stage of development induced and necessitated by its new and broader outlook, its world relations. Instead of being a mystery or a miracle, the new Christianity was an effect springing from fully adequate and plainly discoverable causes. Its rise was as natural as the rise of Stoicism in Greece, or of Buddhism in India, or of the Papacy in the middle ages, or of Liberal Christianity in our day. Jesus was as much a child of his age as was Isaiah, or Socrates, or Augustine, or John Wesley. The Christian movement came from God, but it came not like lightning out of a clear sky, but through those divine forces which had long been working among the Jewish people (shall we not say the Greek also?), and which at last culminated and found a voice in Jesus. All this the Apocryphal books help us to understand, as without them would be impossible.

Such being the significance and value of this Apocryphal literature, we cannot wonder that the Jewish people in Palestine prized and made use of it; nor that the Jews outside of Palestine virtually adopted it as a part of their sacred Scriptures,—as we see by the fact that when a century or two before Christ the Old Testament was translated into Greek for the use of those outside Jews the translation (the Septuagint) was made to include the Apocryphal books. Nor can we wonder that these Apocryphal writings were widely read by the early Christian Church and quoted by the early Christian theologians as if they were of equal authority with the Old Testament; that they continued to be virtually a part of the Christian biblical canon down to modern times; that in the Roman Catholic Scripture canon they still have a place; that Luther's Bible contained a majority of them; that the leading translations and revisions of the Protestant English Bible from Coverdale's down to the Authorized Version have included them; and that the scholars who gave us our Revised Version revised these Apocryphal writings with the rest, although they published them in a separate volume.

In a second article an account will be given of each of these fourteen Old Testament Apocryphal books.

October

Now, brown October, from his spacious urn,
  With powdery hoarfrost sprinkles all the glade,
And silently the feathery sumacs turn
  From shade of saffron green to blushing red.

The trellished vines, that through the summer days
  Wore but a simple garb of modest green,
Put on their variegated autumn dress,
  Resplendent as the robes of Sheba's queen.

The gorgeous forest maples, rich illumed
  With garniture of red and gold, seem bright
As fabled bush of Moses, unconsumed,
  Aflame with beauty in the changing light.

Ye seekers after signs, what would ye more—
  What miracle more grand can ye conceive
Than what confronts you here? Look and adore!
  The shrines at Lourdes no such marvels give.

Monroe, Wis. J. W.

The Church of Today

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, BY EDWIN D. MEAD, PRESIDENT OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, MAY 28, 1908.

"The Church of Today" certainly seems to be one of the most interesting subjects at this moment before the people, if we may judge by the large number of utterances and writings concerning it. The words in which this subject is framed upon our programme are precisely the words of the title of a book which has just been published by three of the different religious publishing houses of this country,—the Unitarians, the Universalists, and the Congregationalists,—an indication of the catholicity of the book and of the wide scope of its appeal. I mean the work of Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, who is to speak to us this afternoon. A little while before there was published that interesting work by Rev. Washington Gladden upon "The Church and Modern Thought." Many of you have read the work of Stanton Coit, the head of the Ethical Culture work in England, which in many ways is the most significant work of all, perhaps the most thoughtful of these books; a book which pleads for some sort of an "establishment" again of religion, taking something like the position which you will rememer James Martineau took during his life, looking forward to a time when the religions of the world will become so united and so sympathetic that some form of establishment might again take place. The matter has been discussed in our own community lately, in a very pungent and suggestive manner, by Professor Zueblin, of Chicago, whose lectures at Harvard University have attracted much attention. We have been reading the address which aroused so much interest in New York, by Mr. Aked, who comes from Great Britain, as Mr. Walsh, the first speaker of this morning, comes—the address in which he dwelt with warm feeling and in rather a startling way upon the fact that the church does not have the hold upon the community which it used to have. The *Churchman,* the representative and leading organ of the Episcopal Church, has just published an article which has been the occasion of much comment in Episcopal circles, arguing the same thing—arguing that the Episcopal Church is not doing, and that the churches of America generally are not doing, a work commensurate with what the church used to do in society.

Now, this may be so or may not be so, but it is a thing that needs to be discussed. In this very week, since our programme was issued, we have had Dr. Parkhurst here in Boston, talking to us about the relation of the church to modern society and the modern State; and among the Unitarian meetings this week at Tremont Temple was one devoted to "The Liberal Church of Today."

I am one of those who believe—I suspect that most of us believe—that men cannot be religious in the most effective way in this world by themselves. If we have to be citizens together, if we have to coöperate to have a good State, then we need to be religious together, we need to touch elbows, if our religious influence is to be brought to bear effectively upon society. And the church, whatever name we call it by, —religious organization, religion as an institution,—must forever, I believe, play its part in a healthy, a well-moralized, and an efficient society.

In a little book which I wrote twenty years ago perhaps I ventured the remark that the dispensation of the church seemed succeeded, or to be succeeded, by what might be called the dispensation of the commonwealth. I am not sure whether it was a true or

exact generalization. I meant by it—and this is certainly true—that we are seeing at this time in our society, all over Europe and America, a wonderful diversification of the forms and influences of religion in society; and that fact, I believe, is at the basis of this inquiry which we are now seeing pressed so widely.

I never forget, when this question comes up, as it does come up again and again in various ways, those wise words of Emerson in his last religious essay,—I think it was the last,—"The Preacher." The address was given in the Harvard Divinity School chapel, in 1879, almost exactly forty years after he had given in the same place his epoch-making discourse upon religion, his famous Divinity School address. It is significant that at the end of his long life he should have made the subject matter of his later address, and its main inspirational thoughts, the same as those of the earlier address. Emerson, above all other Americans, and perhaps above all other modern men, had an inextinguishable and omnipotent faith in the human soul and in progressive human society. He believed humanity to be so divine, believed the divine to be so immanent and controlling, that nothing was permanently, or even long, in danger, but that the very divinity in the atoms would assert itself in every extremity and create new institutions commensurate with the growing needs. He rejoiced, in his essay upon "The Preacher," upon two institutions which he believed would prove the permanent grounds of solution in America, and in Christendom, of all our gravest religious problems; they were the institution of the pulpit, and the institution of Sunday as a recognized day when the ordinary business and secular activities of men cease and society takes time for contemplation; the institution of a day set apart for men to think upon eternal things and fundamental religious principles, and the institution of the prophetic speech of man to man. When one of the most noteworthy movements of the time in France and Germany—not from avowedly religious circles, but from the organized bodies of working men—is such a movement for the careful regard of the welfare of men through one rest day in seven, I wish that all men might read that wonderful tribute and exhortation, that warning and command from Emerson, concerning the importance to society of giving one day in seven to contemplation. [Applause.] That is something that all of us, whatever our particular religion, need always to remember; as we should remember also his impressive tribute to the preacher—to the profession of the preacher—to the opportunity, so often the only opportunity, given to the religious teacher to help man and bring man to think upon high things.

Now, with one day in seven set apart for contemplation, and with men going out into the world devoting themselves to the specific purpose of preaching religion, I believe that the institutions of religion are safe. They may change,—and haply we may be found fighting against God when we are resisting change. But religious institutions will shape themselves aright, will shape themselves at any rate beneficently, if there is earnestness of thought behind.

I should like to add only one thing, a thing which comes home to us especially here in New England, when we remember what it is to which religiously we were born;—that is, the church polity, the religious polity, which planted New England, which is a polity in various ways adhered to by almost all men who are likely to accept a call to this platform where all theologies come,—where often men of the Presbyterian polity and the Episcopal polity come, though in the history of this Association it has been found that the men who naturally gravitate here, the men to whom we most commonly turn, are men who in their different places stand for the polity of independency, the principle of congregationalism. That wonderful democracy of religion for which, away back in the days of Elizabeth, Robert Brown stood in his pregnant essays upon the life and manner of all true Christians;—which sent our Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth,—which, when Puritanism in England came to its full logical fruition in the Commonwealth, was the dominant polity with Cromwell and Milton and their great associates,—that democratic polity putting over no gatherings of religious men any superior or regulating episcopate or synod, I believe to be the great guarantee of freedom and the great help and cradle for all advance.

With an independent polity, with such a conception of the church or religious organization, by whatever name we call it, which believes that wherever two or three are gathered together in sincerity of thought and innocency of life there is all that is necessary to constitute a valid religious organization,—with that great prophetic polity, with a rational one day in seven for contemplation upon serious and eternal ends, and with men called to the work of preaching a high religion, I believe that what is necessary will surely come, will always duly come.

I cannot forget that this year is the third centennial of the birth of John Milton; nor can I forget that it was Frederick Denison Maurice, the great English divine, who said that early New England seemed to him a translation into plain prose of the dream which haunted Milton his whole life long. The best thing which New England, which America, has given to the world—which was indeed, along with the Puritan devotion, the realization of John Milton's dream—is freedom in local government, the town meeting, and freedom in religion, the independent local religious organization. With that realization of the dream of John Milton, with freedom and democracy in religion, with a rational Sabbath, and a prophetic pulpit, I for one have no fear.

Two Gods

I.

A boy was born 'mid little things,
  Between a little world and sky,
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
  'Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
  Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and ploughed his little plots,
  And prayed unto his little God.

But, as the mighty system grew,
  His faith grew faint with many scars;
The cosmos widened in his view
  But God was lost among his stars.

II.

Another boy in lowly days,
  As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
  And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
  God threatened in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
  And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
  In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And, as the universe grew great,
  He dreamed for it a greater God.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

Concerning Hymns

FROM AN ADDRESS BY REV. FREDERICK HOSMER BEFORE THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, MAY 29, 1908.

I feel that the importance of the hymn in the public service is too little appreciated; and most of all is it too little appreciated, I fear, by the ministers themselves. And yet there is a tremendous power in the hymn, and that is what I tried to make those young men see to whom I have been talking. You know the remark often quoted from Fletcher of Saltoun, some two hundred years ago, who wrote to his friend: "I know a very wise man who believed if a man were permitted to make the ballads of a people, he need not care who should make its laws." Now, that man was born and bred near Edinburgh. He knew the power of the ballad, and especially of those old border ballads, and how they appealed to Scotch sentiment and feeling from generation to generation. We know the power of national hymns, the strains oft repeated on public occasions; for example, that most commonplace of all national hymns, "God Save the King"—with its

"Scatter his enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks," etc.

And yet when that is sung, it does not appeal alone to the Tommy Atkinses; it meets the nobility, the respectability of the English people; and naturally, for that strain has become so associated that it stirs their blood every time.

Now, what Fletcher of Saltoun said of the ballad we may say in corresponding measure of the hymn. Let one make the hymns, let one select the hymns for a church, or for a fellowship of churches, or for the church at large, and he need not care who shall make the theology after this. I say "after this," because sentiment is so deeply ingrained.

The strength of the old theology, as we call it, which happily is waning in every communion today, is not in the creeds. Why, most people in the churches do not know really the creed, save where the Apostles' Creed, so called, is every Sunday repeated. The strength of the old theology is in the hymns—the hymns that we heard in our childhood, heard in the home, heard in the church; the hymns that are associated with the persons and the voices of those we have loved and to whom our own lives have been bound and who are now within the veil. And here lies the great importance of the hymn-book today—and happily it may be said that within the last three decades there has been an advance in this respect, not shown in any three times that period, I think, before.

There was reason for the advance; there was not earlier the room for choice. Hymnody carries history. It must naturally reflect the more or less prevalent doctrine and outlook of the time. I do not mean that the hymn is primarily—even in the most Orthodox hymns (if I should use that word)—meant to carry doctrine; it is meant to express sentiment. But the sentiment has been inwoven with that thought, that form of doctrine, more or less. Today the horizon has widened, and we see the effects of this widening horizon, the widening sympathy, the very thing that has been spoken of by the Chairman, and the very thing that every one of us here feels—that broadening sympathy of religion that has been expressing itself here, and making possible a broader attitude of mind today than has been possible before.

By the way, how much has come to us in this direction from those whose sympathies led them to form and to take part in and to stand by this organization? Take this familiar hymn:

"One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place."

That could not have been written before the last century; it could not have been written in the first part of that century. The nearest thing that I recall to it is Pope's "Universal Prayer":

"Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!"

But that is far from Longfellow's lines, and it never got into the hymn-books, save in a very altered form. But in such form it did get into Belknap's hymn-book, published in this town in 1795, though he changed it a good deal. No, the following was more the style of hymn, from good Doctor Watts; and I would like to say a word for a man who has suffered so much in two directions—on the one hand, by those who have so exalted him and given him a position almost with the Biblical prophets, so that anything marked "Isaac Watts" went; and, on the other hand, the people who have regarded him simply as a writer of rhymed prose and commonplace, which indeed he was not. And he has the credit of introducing to the church, at least of giving it the right to be, the English hymn in the public service. But then, Isaac Watts, you know, never attended a meeting like this. Isaac Watts never attended a Parliament of Religion in Chicago, or elsewhere. If he had he would not have written the hymn from which I shall quote; if he had had one grain of humor with all his many talents he would not have written it.

But this is the hymn—and by the way, to mark the advance of hymn-book compilation, I may say to you that fifty years ago this very year, Dr. Hedge and Dr. Huntington put it in their collection, "Hymns for the Church of Christ":

"Let all the heathen writers join
To make one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with Thine,
How mean their writings look!"

Out of this attitude into a larger view, a position of wider horizon, we have been moving—we *are* moving; and one agency in this last generation has been this Free Religious Association.

STUDY TABLE

Notes

From the McClure Co., of New York, I am in receipt of Stewart Edward White's new book, "The Riverman." We have no writer on forest and mountain scenes superior to the author of "The Blazed Trail." To say that this new book does not quite equal "The Blazed Trail" is not to say that it is not a right down good story. It bears the marks of haste, and it is a pity that Mr. White cannot take time to do his absolutely best work. You can, however, set down this book, "The Riverman," as worth your money.

From Small, Maynard & Co. I get "Fate's A Fiddler," by Edwin George Pinkham. This story will pay you for reading it, and that is more than I can say of a large number in the pile that has accumulated on the Table. There are so many touches of sweet

human nature in it that we can say that if fate is a fiddler it fiddles some pleasant tunes.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. I have "The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel," a thoroughly well told story by Randall Parrish, and "Ganton & Co.," a thoroughly disagreeable story of that most disagreeable development, Chicago commercial and social life —the two combined. I am in doubt whether it is worth the while to photograph with the pen these detestable phases of human nature. Mr. Parrish has remarkable power in making novel action move straight forward as if real, while the love story lightens up rough adventure, and you get up from his books feeling rested.

From The McMillans I find three books on the Table. "Faust" is a free adaptation from Goethe by Stephen Phillips, and it is a rich piece of work. It is the victory of righteousness and truth. As a literary achievement it ranks with Mr. Phillips' best works. Its note is the possibility of saving a soul through sinning. It means that there is a possible overruling of all the apparent wrong in the world, for a final reign of the good. So mote it be, in our own souls and in the sum total of life. From the same firm I get Ouida's "Helianthus." This novel satisfies me better than anything else from the hands of the gifted writer. She had the work in hand for several years, and it was not quite finished at the time of her death. It is full of power. Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast," from the same house, is a series of pictures in words and illustrations from the Grand Canyon of Arizona to the Shoshone Falls of Idaho—which he calls the Niagara of the West. This volume is so fascinating that I shall keep it near me for a tired hour, and shall desire all the rest of the volumes by the same author. It is full of history and beautiful wild pictures, and constitutes a panorama of Indian life.

I have just had the pleasure of looking over the portfolios of that marvelous work, "The North American Indian," by Edward S. Curtis. All my anticipations from the prospectus are more than realized. Mr. Curtis' literary style is as perfect as his pictures, and his pictures are above all criticism. They rival the best old-line engravings. There is a page of text to each picture, and there are twenty volumes to complete the work. There will be but five hundred copies, and they will be printed on quarto pages, on imported hand-made paper. One part of the edition will be on Holland paper and the other on Japanese vellum—selected for enduring qualities. There will be over two thousand plates illustrative of Indian subjects. Two volumes are now ready. Mr. Roosevelt has not said one word too much in praise of what Mr. Curtis is doing. In this note I merely wish to call attention to the charming style of the text. Here is one passage: "At the moment I am seated by a beautiful brook that bounds through the forest of Apache-land. Numberless birds are singing their songs of life and love. Within my reach lies a tree, felled only last night by a beaver, which even now darts out into the light, scans his surroundings, and scampers back. A covey of mooring doves fly to the water's edge, slake their thirst in their dainty way, and flutter off. By the brookside path now and then wander prattling children; a youth and a maiden hand in hand wend their way along the cool stream's brink. The words of the children and of the lovers are unknown to me, but the story of childhood and love needs no interpreter." There, if you can find a more charming and perfect style, let me know it. It is a mighty costly enterprise, but it is invaluable to the American people. The story of a dying race told just in time, and by just the right man.

E. P. P.

From Chas. Scribner's Sons I have "The Coming Harvest," by Rene Bazin. I should like to describe this book, but in a brief review can only say it is well worth the while. We have a crop of American novelists that write simply to sell. Here is a book that was written because it was needed. Be sure to read it. There are two more novels to complete the circle: "The Nun" and "Redemption."

I have been poking over a pile of novels this fall without finding anything of extraordinary merit and trying to say as good things as I could about what I found. At last I have struck a right down first-class story. "Friendship Village" is one of the richest and every way most satisfactory books of the year. I am reading it without skipping a page or a passage, and I must say that it is a boiled down lot of truths and beautiful scenes—that is, it has not been worked up just to sell. I like its delicacy and humor and tenderness immensely. As one result I am going to get every book that has been published by this author. They are the work of Zona Gale, and published by the Macmillan Company. Folk that like sweet homeliness should get "Friendship Village."

The Macmillans send me Robert Herrick's last book, entitled "Together." This is not altogether a novel, but is interlarded with the discussion of vital topics. It is a study of social life in a form that will bring it to a large class of readers. The story is intensely interesting, but we find ourselves debating all the way through. Of course, "Together" means married. Herrick believes in the discipline of life.

"The Common Lot" is another discussion of the same sort and by the same author. It is a remarkable study of human purposing. My impression is that these books belong among those of moral value. This book is also published by the Macmillans.

From Henry Holt comes one of the most valuable works of the year, "Biology and Its Makers," the work of Prof. William A. Locy. Dr. Locy has given us an outline history of biological development and it is very timely. We have been flooded with Darwinism, and we are all Darwinians. Yet I am afraid that most people still lack a clear idea of what Mr. Darwin taught and why he taught it. Biology, as the science of all life, is the one all important study of our age. In some form it should be studied by the pupils of our common schools as well as our college boys and girls. Life, real life, is what we want, and to get rid of the dying and the death, and the stench of death, which makes up the larger part of social existence, and which we misinterpret as living. This book of Professor Locy's is very readable, and in a shape to interest an average person. I think the young folk will like it, and certainly it will be of great value in most families. It is meant, of course, to be a book for students, yet every one should be a student in biology.

Another book from Henry Holt & Co. is by Professor Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University, entitled "Insect Stories." It is done just as we would expect from Professor Kellogg, in such a way as to be of very positive value, while it is entertaining. Buy this book for a Christmas present and you will make no mistakes.

My own first book, "Heredity from God," still sells right along, and the German edition has won a good group of readers. It still remains the only book in the field to give evolution in its application to religion a clear and readable interpretation without sacrificing scientific truth. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.

E. P. Powell.

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*Judith of the Cumberlands

In her foreword, speaking of our southern Appalachian mountaineers, the authoress says: "These dwellers in the southern mountain region, the purest American strain left to us, hold the interest and appeal of a changing, vanishing type. The tide of enlightenment and commercial prosperity must presently sweep in and absorb them. And so I might hope that a faithful picture of the life and manners I have sought to represent . . . would be the better worth while."

Thus concisely is indicated the scope and purpose of the book by the one who should best know. The reviewer has read the book with enjoyment. There is something powerfully attractive about these simple, primitive people, living, loving, hating, killing, working, quite as they did three generations ago, in but not of our complex modern society; and one cannot doubt who knows anything at all of these mountain whites, either from other literature or through personal contact, that Miss MacGowan has not overdone her character drawing. She has certainly caught the true flavor and idiom of the mountain dialect, a fact attributable to her early and long residence in the Cumberland Mountains; and her familiarity with the mountains themselves, their trees, birds and flowers, is pleasantly apparent all through the book.

But the story is cast in the melodramatic mould. The plot is well conceived but conventional. Romance is the basic element throughout, from the stellar characters to the lesser lights. There is the heavy villain whose machinations succeed for a while, but whose ultimate downfall is assured from the start. There is the hero, whose blue eyes, auburn hair and lofty aims proclaim him as the dusky heroine's "affinity" in the opening chapter. The vicissitudes of apparent failure, disappointment, danger, jealousy, rescue, more jealousy, prolonged uncertainty, illness, convalescence and final understanding are all ingeniously worked out, interspersed with the regulation nature passages, some of which are rather well done. And in the final act all the leading *dramatis personae* are brought on the stage together triumphant.

With such a wealth of material as the authoress had at her disposal, it almost seems as though she need not have resorted to the machinery of melodrama to accomplish her purpose. She has thereby cheapened her product. She has converted her bolt of silk into dust cloths.

P. S. W.

"Judith of the Cumberlands." By Alice MacGowan. Putnam's. ($1.50.)

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

Sun.—The hour when a lofty conviction forsakes us should never be one of regret. If a belief we have clung to goes, or a spring snaps within us, if we at last dethrone the idea that so long has held sway;

Mon.—This is proof of vitality, progress, of our marching steadily onwards, and making good use of all that lies to our hand. We should rejoice at the knowledge that the thought which so long sustained us is proved incapable now of even sustaining itself.

Tues.—To believe is not enough; all depends on how we believe. I may believe that there is no God, that I am self-contained, that my brief sojourn here serves no purpose; that in the economy of this world without limit my existence counts for as little as the evanescent hue of a flower,—

Wed.—I may believe all this, in a deeply religious spirit, with the infinite throbbing within me. You may believe in one all-powerful God, who cherishes and protects you, yet your belief may be mean, and petty, and small.

Thurs.—I shall be happier than you, and calmer, if my doubt is greater, and nobler, and more earnest than your faith; if it has probed more deeply into my soul, traversed wider horizons; if there are more things it has loved.

Fri.—For, indeed, belief and unbelief are mere empty words; not so the loyalty, the greatness, and the profoundness, of the reasons wherefore we believe, or do not believe.

Sat.—To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our soul,—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.

—*Maeterlinck.*

The Palace of the Heart

'Tis home where'er the heart is,
  Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In city or in cottage,
  Wildwood or leafy dell.
The heart a rover ever,
  And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover goes,
  The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is,
  It's loveliness will bring
Fresh water to the rivulets
  And to the desert's spring.
Fair isles are in the ocean,
  On which affection glides,
A beacon on each sunny shore,
  When love's the sun that guides.

Amelia A. Polachek.

Battle of Brynkinallt.

Near the quaint Welsh village of Chirk, and not far from the famous vale of Llangollen, is a grand old park, Brynkinallt, the family seat of a noted family of England. People there tell the following story:

The mansion, a stately house, built by Inigo Jones, was at the time of our story the favorite residence of Lady Anne, Viscountess Dungannon, a very old lady, who left the care of her estate to her grandson, the Earl of M——.

Among the farm buildings, farther back in the park, was a long, low-roofed cottage with whitewashed walls and thatched roof. This was the home of the farm steward or bailiff. On its broad stone doorstep sat two children, watching a group of people coming down the avenue that led to the "big house."

" 'Tis the Earl with father and some of the men. They are planning for the harvest, no doubt," Margaret, a girl of twelve, announced at last. "But who is the strange lad with them, Dafydd?"

"The Earl's brother, Arthur. He is an Eton lad, so father told me. Do you see his clothes?" asked the boy.

Margaret's gray eyes scanned the approaching student critically before she remarked:

"He holds a high head about something, of a surety. Whether because of his blue coat and brass buttons"——

"Sh! they'll hear you," warned Dafydd.

Margaret gave a scornful sniff as she rose, and picking up the basket of towels that stood beside her on the step, went off to the washhouse near by. Dafydd, for lack of anything else to do, pulled out a cloth bag from his coat pocket and began to count and assort the marbles that were in it.

This proceeding caught the eye of the youth who was lounging over a gate close at hand, already wearied of the talk of crops and the details of farm work. Sauntering over to the step he began to make friends with Dafydd. Marbles proved to have a mutual charm for them, and, after much searching of pockets, Arthur managed to show a goodly array of "alleys" and "coms."

They began to play and all went smoothly for some time. Then as Dafydd proved to be an unusually fine player, who slowly but surely was confiscating all the marbles, an ominous scowl gathered on his opponent's brow and angry sparks glittered in the keen blue eyes.

Nothing was said, however, until Dafydd triumphantly gathered up the last of the marbles, and the pent-up storm broke out.

"There's something wrong about your playing," was his passionate declaration. "The idea of the best player at Eton being worsted by a Welsh plough boy. Hand back my marbles. I'll have no more to do with such trash."

"I won them fairly," retorted Dafydd. "And all the bullies in England and Wales shall not make me give them up again."

"Look out for a sound drubbing then. Give them back, or"—and Dafydd received a blow that made him stagger. He held his ground stubbornly for a few moments, despite the fact that Arthur was his senior by a couple of years and bigger in every way. Overpowered at last, he was thrown to the ground, still struggling desperately to prevent all his pockets from being rifled.

Then came a sudden interruption as Arthur was violently jerked back by some ungentle hand. Looking up, he saw it was Margaret, who was still pulling at his jacket collar.

"Shame on you to so abuse a boy much smaller than yourself! Let him alone!" was what his astonished ears heard. Giving him a vigorous shake that nearly strangled him, she added emphasis to her command by means of a stinging box on the side of the young lordling's head.

Wrenching himself free, he sprang to his feet and confronted the girl, dropping the marbles he had secured.

"Who dares give me such a blow must pay dearly for it, be it girl or boy," he cried wrathfully, advancing a step or two with raised arm and clenched fist.

Nothing daunted, the maiden stood her ground, and for a moment Saxon and Cymri glared at each other as in the days of old. In her veins flowed the blood of the sturdy, turbulent henchmen of Owain Glendwr, giving strength and nerving the slender arms. By a swift movement she picked up the wet towel dropped close to her feet and with it parried the blow which he aimed at her in his fury, returning it by a clout in the face with the still dripping cloth.

Choking with rage, sputtering out the greasy soapsuds that filled both mouth and eyes, he fought widely and desperately; but the stinging cuts so liberally bestowed on his head and neck with Margaret's queer weapon, laid on with such unexpected vigor, completely cowed him at last. He fell on his knees, with arms upraised to shield his face and begged for mercy from the little avenging fury whose just wrath he had invoked.

"Throw down every marble! Turn out your pockets!" she imperiously ordered, quickening his tardy movements by another threatening slash with the towel.

"Now, be off; and think twice before you try to best a 'Welsh plough boy' again!" was her parting command as she allowed him to stand up and walk away.

Dafydd, who had been so much overcome by the spectacle that he had not yet risen from the ground where Arthur had thrown him, now ventured a comment:

"You'll catch it for that. What will the Lady Anne say?"

"Ingrate!" retorted Margaret, hotly. "That is my thanks for helping you. As for Lady Anne, I care not"——

"Hush!" but Dafydd's warning came too late, and the startled girl wheeled quickly about to find the Earl close behind her. He smiled at her confusion and dismay as he patted her approvingly on the shoulder and said, laughing merrily:

"Lady Anne will doubtless say, with me, that yonder coxcomb hath been taught a much-needed lesson. What a fine tale to carry back to Eton. Beaten thoroughly; and by a girl, too. Here, my lass, it's well worth this to have seen such a battle," and a golden coin was placed in Margaret's hand.

The girl stood, red-cheeked and abashed, looking at the money with embarrassment.

" 'Tis but the reward of valor. Put it away carefully till your wedding day and I will see that it does not lack companions."

And the Earl kept his word.

In after years, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, could afford to smile over the lost battle of his boyhood days, and Margaret and Dafydd were proud to be ranked among the loyal admirers of their old-time foe, the savior of England and the hero of Waterloo.—*Annie L. Pinfold, in Every Other Sunday.*

The Cranberry Vine.

In the thin and frosty grasses, where the fingers of the sea
Cannot clutch it, you can watch it—little creeping cranberry!
'Tis so lucky, 'tis so plucky, cold nor heat nor dry nor wet
Seems to break its cheery courage that will be a winner yet.

Through the July heats the strawberry reddens, ripens in the sun;
Milky-blue the pasture patches where the low blueberries run;
Bayberry, barberry, brake, and bracken all are in their flower or fruit
While the cranberry's creeping threadlike, through the grasses, making root.

Then, when goldenrod is flaunting ragged yellow banners high,
And the summer's latest comer, pale-blue aster, says good-bye,
In the grasses, he who passes, smooth and round and red as wine
Sees the grave, late-ripened berries of the wee wild cranberry vine.

Year by year I've watched it growing, always in the selfsame way;
'Tis a teacher, 'tis a preacher; and to me it seems to say:
"Just be plucky—you'll be lucky! You have seen it—don't forget!
Keep your heart and keep your courage—you will be a winner yet!"

—*Anna Burnham Bryant.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE MONUMENT OF THE REFORMATION AT GENEVA.—Attention has been called somewhat recently, both in this paper and in the *Christian Register*, to the projected monument of the Reformation, whose cornerstone is to be laid the coming year at Geneva in connection with the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin, and to the action taken by the International Liberal Congress commending the project to our support. There must therefore be a certain number, at any rate, who are following the preliminary stages of its accomplishment with interest. May the following details regarding the remarkably successful international competition for a design for the monument, and the findings of the international jury that pronounced upon the seventy-one projects submitted, serve to stimulate American contributions, which are coming in but slowly.

The terms of the competition, as published by the Monument Association, were notably definite and explicit in their requirements, leaving comparatively little to the free fancy of the artist. The location for the monument finally decided upon, lying between the Promenade des bastions and the Rue de la Croix Rouge, at the foot of the old, or upper, city, with its supporting wall, a part of the ancient fortifications, will be readily called to mind by any one at all familiar with Geneva. Somewhere within this setting, the competing artists were to imagine a monument to commemorate, not primarily the personality of Calvin nor even his relation to Geneva, but rather the broad sweep of the Calvinist reformation and its influence on the modern world in a popular and enduring fashion. It was stipulated that the figures should be historical, not allegorical, the principal group to consist of the four reformers whose activities, for longer or shorter periods, were centered in Geneva, Farel, Calvin, Knox and Beza, while associated with them might be such great statesmen and reformers of the reform as Coligny, William the Silent, Cromwell, the Great Elector of Brandenburg, and others. Bas-reliefs representing scenes from the history of Geneva, Scotland, France, New England, the Netherlands and the Prussia that was to be, were suggested also in the Associations circular.

The international jury, consisting of MM. A. Bartholomé, sculptor (Paris); Ch. Girault, architect (Paris); Professor Tuaillon, sculptor (Berlin); Professor Bruno Schmitz, sculptor (Berlin); Geo. J. Frampton, R. A., sculptor (London); Professor Gull, architect (Zürich); Alfred Cartier; Horace de Saussure, painter, and Lucien Gautier, president of the Monument Association, had no small task to estimate the remarkable collection of seventy-one models arranged for their inspection last month in the Electoral building at Geneva. After visiting the proposed location of the monument and then individually examining the designs, they proceeded in joint tours of inspection, to eliminate fifty-two and to submit the nineteen others to detailed study. The result was a unanimous verdict awarding the first prize of 10,000 francs to No. 52.

Two papers illustrating this design are before me. Any one, even at this distance, who can call up a mental picture of the site cannot fail to be struck, as were the jury, by the originality, simplicity, dignity and fitness with which this historic setting is utilized. Taking the old rampart wall as a background, the central group of the four reformers stands out in high relief. Underneath it is the city's motto: *Post tenebras lux.* On either hand, along the wall, are ranged the subsidiary figures, with alternating bas-reliefs and appropriate inscriptions linking all together. Over all are the words: *A la Gloire des Reformateurs.* When the envelopes were opened, it was found, to the no small delight of press and people, that this design so unanimously pronounced preeminent, both in grasp of the external situation and of historic fitness, was a work of Swiss origin, the creation of MM. Monod & Laverrière, Taillens & Dubois, all architects of Lausanne, and Mr. Reymond, a sculptor located at Paris but by birth a Genevan.

A second prize of 6,000 francs was awarded to a less appropriate "wall" design emanating from certain Parisian architects and sculptors, while seven other designs, embodying meritorious features, received, without invidious distinction, a third prize of 2,000 francs each.

In this unclassified group, however, one seems to have been singled out by universal consent as artistically and from a religious point of view, the undoubted masterpiece of the entire collection. Though ineligible for the first prize because of failure to keep within the limitations of the competition and lack of adaptation to the environment, there is but one verdict as to the lofty beauty of the conception and its masterly execution. It was sent under the signature "Jesus," and that is indeed the keynote of the conception. On an elevated central pedestal stands, with upturned face, the simple, majestic figure of the Christ. At his feet sits Calvin, bowed in thought as if overcome by the vision of his divine master, while on either hand, grouped in masterly fashion, are the great heroes of the struggle for liberty of conscience—including Bethlen Gabor, a compatriot of the artist—gazing up with love and reverence to their Lord. A little to the rear of the main group on either hand are seated Luther and Zwingli. The inscription is: Equals and great in Christ, more than conquerors. This conception, which even in the model appeals so strongly to all beholders, is the work of a Hungarian artist, Mr. Horvai Janos, of Budapest.

Among the other third prize designs are ones of German, Italian, French and mixed origin, but space will not permit me to go into details. The wish was publicly expressed that the whole collection might be photographed before dispersal. It is much to be hoped that this was done and that this pictorial record may be preserved for all time in the Museum of the Reformation, or some other historic or art collection of the city. M. E. H.

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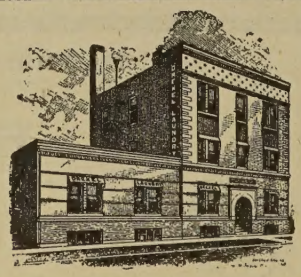

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